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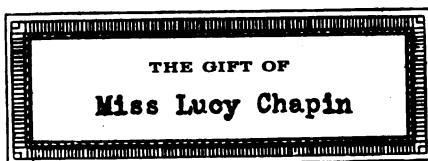
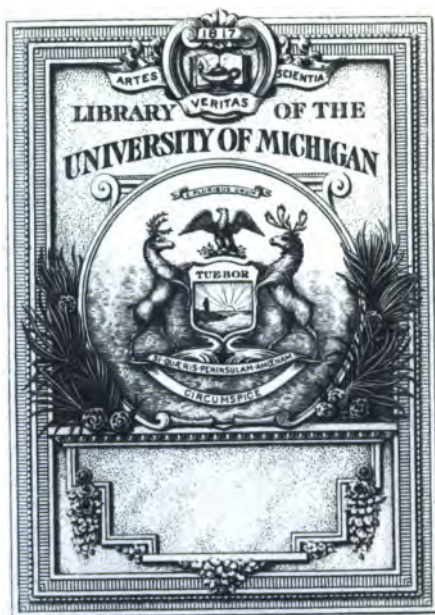
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# THE LITIGANTS.

A COMEDY

*Baptiste*  
BY JEAN RACINE,

*Translated for the representation to be given by the*

STUDENTS,

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN,

JUNE 26, 1882.

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## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY.

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DANDIN.....A JUDGE.  
LEANDRE.....SON OF DANDIN.  
CHICANEAU.....A BOURGEOIS.  
ISABELLE.....DAUGHTER OF CHICANEAU.  
LA COMTESSE.....THE COUNTESS.  
PETIT JEAN.....PORTER TO DANDIN.  
L'INTIMÉ.....SECRETARY TO DANDIN.  
LE SOUFFLEUR.....THE PROMPTER.

SCENE—A City in Lower Normandy.

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Miss Mrs. Chapin

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

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DANDIN.....	W. B. CADY.
LEANDRE.....	F. L. YORK.
CHICANEAU.....	J. E. BEAL.
ISABELLE.....	Miss C. L. HOUGHTON.
LA COMTESSE.....	MISS B. P. HUNT.
PETIT JEAN.....	E. C. CALEYRON.
L'INTIMÉ.....	W. S. HOUGH.
LE SOUFFLEUR.....	WM. GALPIN.

155599



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**THE COURIER STEAM PRINTING HOUSE, ANN ARBOR.**

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# THE LITIGANTS.

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## ACT I.

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SCENE I. — *Petit-Jean (dragging a large bag full of law papers.)*

'Pon my word, very foolish he who trusts in the future; he who laughs Friday will cry Sunday. Last year a judge took me into his service; he had brought me from Amiens to be his porter. All these Normans tried to poke fun at us; when one is with wolves, they say, one soon learns to howl. Thorough Picard as I was, I was an apt scholar, and I cracked my whip as loud as any of them. All the big gentlemen took their hats off to me; Monsieur *de* Petit-Jean, ah! as long as your arm! but without money honor is but a disease. 'Pon my word, I was a regular theatre porter; they knocked and took off their hats to me in vain, no one ever entered without feeling the porter. No money, no porter; and my door was shut. It is true that I gave up some of it to master; we had a reckoning now and then. They gave me the care of furnishing the house with candles and hay; but I lost nothing by that. Besides, after all, I might have thrown the hay into the bargain. It's too bad: his mind was too much on his business. Every day the first at court and the last, too; and very often all alone. If he had had his way he would have slept there without eating or drinking. I used to say to him sometimes: "Mr. Perrin-Dandin, the truth is, you get up too early every day. He that would travel far must care for his animal; drink eat, sleep, and make a fire which lasts." He gave no heed to it. He sat up so much and worked so hard, they say, that his head is not just right. He wants to judge us all

one after the other. He is always muttering some nonsense that I don't understand. He wishes, in spite of us, to sleep in his judge's hat and robe. He had his rooster's head cut off, out of anger, for waking him up later than usual. He said that a litigant whose case was looking dark had bribed the poor animal. Since this fine sentence the poor man has worked in vain, his son no longer allows any one to speak to him of business. He makes us watch him night and day, and very sharp at that; otherwise, "good-bye," and my man is off to court. God knows how lively he is to escape us. As for me, I sleep no more; so I am growing thin. It is too bad. I do nothing but stretch and yawn. But let who will keep watch, here is my pillow. Well, for this night I must take my ease. Sleeping in the street does not disturb anyone. So, to sleep.

(*He lies down on the ground.*)

SCENE II.—*L'Intimé, Petit Jean.*

L'INT.—Hey, Petit-Jean! Petit-Jean.

P. J.—L'Intimé, (*aside*) He is already afraid I have caught cold.

L'INT.—What the dickens are you doing in the street so early in the morning?

P. J.—Must we always dance attendance, always watch a man, and hear him howl? What lungs! As for me, I believe he is bewitched.

L'INT.—Pshaw.

P. J.—I told him, scratching my head, that I wished to sleep: "Present your petition to the effect that you want to sleep," he said to me gravely. It makes me sleepy even to tell about it. Good night.

L'INT.—What, good night? Devil take me if——. But I hear a noise over the door.

SCENE III.—*Dandin, L'Intimé, Petit-Jean.*

DANDIN, (*at the window*).—Petit-Jean! L'Intimé!

L'INT.—Hush.

DAN.—I am here alone. My jailors are in default, thank heaven. If I give them time, they may appear. To get free, let's jump out of the window. The court is adjourned!

L'INT.—How he jumps!

P. J.—Oh, sir; I have got you.

DAN.—Stop thief! stop thief!

P. J.—Oh! we have got you.

L'INT.—It's no use to scream.

DAN.—Help! They are killing me.

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SCENE IV.—(*Leandre, Dandin, L'Intimé, PetitJean.*)

LEANDRE, (*out*)—Quick, a light! I hear my father in the street.  
(*Enters*) Father, who has got you out so early in the morning?  
Where are you going in the night time?

DAN.—I want to go and judge.

LEA.—Judge whom? Every one is asleep.

P. J.—Goodness! I don't sleep much.

LEA.—What a lot of sacks! He has them down to his knees.

DAN.—I don't want to come home for three months. I have laid in a supply of sacks and documents.

LEA.—Who will feed you?

DAN.—The tavern-keeper, I suppose.

LEA.—But where will you sleep, father?

DAN.—At court.

LEA.—No, no, father, you had better not go out. Sleep at home, eat at home. Now let reason guide you, and for the sake of your health . . .

DAN.—I wish to be sick.

LEA.—You are too much so already. Take some rest. You will soon be nothing but skin and bones.

DAN.—Rest? Ah! do you wish to regulate your father by yourself? Do you think a judge has nothing to do but enjoy himself? but to walk the streets like a crowd of gallants, to go to the ball by night, to the gambling house by day? Money doesn't come to us so quickly as you think. Each of your ribbons costs me a sentence. My robe makes you ashamed, a judge's son! oh fie! You are the nobleman. Oh, Dandin, my friend, look at the portraits of the Dandins in my chamber and in my wardrobe, all have worn the robe. And it is the right profession. Compare the value of the Xmas presents of a judge to those of a marquis, just wait until the end of December. What is a gentleman? A fixture in an anti-chamber. How many of them have you seen, I mean of the proudest of them, occupied in blowing their fingers in my yard, or, their cloaks over their noses, and their hands in their pockets, at last, to get warm, coming to turn my spit? That's the way we treat them. Ah, my poor boy, is that the lesson of your dead

mother? Poor Babonnette. Alas, when I think of it; she never missed a single session; never, no, never did she leave me, and God knows what she often brought away. She would have carried off the tavern-keeper's napkins rather than to come home with empty hands. That's the way we furnish fine houses. Go to, you will be nothing but a fool.

You are catching cold there, father. Petit Jean lead your master in. Put him in bed. Shut the doors, the windows, let everything be fastened,—so that he will be warmer.

P. J.—Have a balustrade put up there, at least.

DAN.—What! Shall I be led off to bed informally? Get a decree that I must go to sleep.

LEA.—Well, in the meantime father, go to bed.

DAN.—I will, but I will make you all angry; I won't sleep.

LEA.—Oh, very well, all right. Do not leave him. You, L'Intimé, remain.

SCENE V.—*Leandre, L'Intimé.*

LEANDRE.—I want to speak to you a moment alone.

L'INT.—What, do you need a keeper?

LEA.—I have need of it. I am out of my senses, alas, as well as my father.

L'INT.—Oh! you want to go and judge?

LEA., (*pointing to Isabelle's house*).—Enough evasions. You know this house.

L'INT.—I understand you now. The devil! Love takes possession of your heart early. You wish to speak, doubtless, of Isabelle. I have told you a hundred times she is discreet, she is beautiful; but you must remember that Mr. Chicaneau wastes the greater part of his property in lawsuits. Whom does he not go to law with? I believe that he will bring all France to court, unless he dies. He has come to live next door to his judge. One always wants to go to law, the other always wants to judge; and it will be very lucky if he concludes this affair without suing the priest, the son-in-law, and the notary.

LEA. I understand that as well as you do, but in spite of all that, I am dying for Isabelle.

L'INT.—Well, then, marry her. You have only to ask. Everything is ready.

LEA.—O that does not go as fast as you might think. Her father is a kind of a bear, I would scare. Unless it be a bailiff, a sheriff's officer, or an attorney, no one can see his daughter, and poor Isa-

belle, secluded and grieving is in prison at home. She sees her youth slipping away in regrets, my love in smoke, and her property in lawsuits. He will ruin her if we let him go on.—Don't you know of some respectable forger who would help his friends, for pay, of course,—some active sheriff's officer?

L'INT.—Why! there are so many!

LEA.—But, still . . . !

L'INT.—O, sir, if my late father were still alive he would be just the man for you. He would gain more in one day than another in six months. "All his exploits had graven furrows on his brow." He would have stopped a prince's carriage, for you; he would have seized him himself, and if there were in all twenty cowhiddings in the province, my father would have pocketed nineteen. But what is it about? Am I not of a good stock? I will help you.

LEA.—You?

L'INT.—Better than a sheriff's officer, perhaps.

LEA.—You would carry a forged summons to the father?

L'INT.—Hem, hem.

LEA.—You would take a love-letter to the daughter?

L'INT.—Why not? I can do both.

LEA.—Come, I hear him scolding.

L'INT.—Let's go and arrange the plan somewhere else.

#### SCENE VI.—*Chicaneau, Petit-Jean.*

CHIC.—La Brie, take care of the house, I will be back soon. Don't let a single person come up. Have this letter taken to the post for Maine. Take three wild rabbits from my warren and take them, this morning, to my attorney. If his clerk comes in have him taste my wine. Ah! give him that sack which hangs by the window. Is that all? Perhaps a tall, thin man will come and ask for me, why, the one who serves me as a witness, and swears for me when I need it. Let him await me. I am afraid my judge has gone out. It is almost four o'clock. Now, let's knock at his door.

P. J., (*half opening the door*).—Who's there?

CHIC.—Can I see your master?

P. J., (*shutting the door*).—No.

CHIC., (*knocking*).—Can I speak a word to his honor, the secretary?

P. J., (*shutting the door*).—No.

CHIC., (*knocking*).—And his honor, the porter?

P. J.—I am he.

CHIC.—Have the goodness to drink to my health, sir.

P. J., (*taking the money*).—Much good may it do you, (*shutting the door*), but come again to-morrow.

CHIC.—Hey! Give back the money, then. To tell the truth, the world has become very wicked. I have known the time when lawsuits gave no trouble; six dollars would gain half a dozen of them, but now, I believe all my property would not be enough to gain a porter. But here comes her ladyship, the Countess of Pimbesche. She is coming on important business.

SCENE VII.—*The Countess, Chicaneau.*

CHIC.—Madame, no admittance.

COUNT.—Well! didn't I say so? Truly my servants make me lose my wits. In vain I scold to make them get up; I have to wake up my whole household every morning.

CHIC.—Surely he is hiding himself.

COUNT.—For my part I have not been able to speak to him for two days.

CHIC.—My adversary is powerful, and I have reason to fear everything.

COUNT.—After what they have done to me no others have reason to complain.

CHIC.—Yet I am right.

COUNT.—Oh, sir, what a decree!

CHIC.—I submit my case to you, listen if you please.

COUNT.—You should know, sir, the perfidy . . .

CHIC.—In the main there is really nothing.

COUNT.—Sir, let me tell you . . .

CHIC.—These are the facts. Fifteen or twenty years ago a certain donkey passed through one of my fields, and rolled there not without doing considerable damage, for which I entered a complaint before the justice of the peace. I had the donkey attached. An appraiser is summoned and the damage estimated at two bundles of hay. At last, at the end of a year, our case is dismissed. I appeal. While a decision is solicited at court—note this well, madame, if you please,—our friend Drollichon, who is no fool, obtained for a certain sum, a judgment on request, and I win my case. And then what do they do? My pettifogger enters an opposition to the execution. Another incident: while they are working at the suit my adversary lets his poultry run into my meadow. Ordered that report shall be made to the court how much hay a hen can eat in one day, and that all be joined to the suit. At last,

everything continuing in the same state, the case is called for the 5th or 6th of April, '56. I begin again, I produce, I furnish declarations, pleas, demurrers, warrants, awards of arbitrators, transfers, three interlocutory decisions, tiresome suits and fresh evidences, leases, official statements. I obtain letters royal and I engage to prove the contrary. Fourteen rules, thirty writs, six suits, one hundred and twenty statements, twenty prohibitory decisions, decree at last. I lose my case with costs estimated at about five or six thousand francs. Is that justice? Is that the way to judge? After fifteen or twenty years! One chance remains, the exchequer chamber is open to me. I have not given it up.—But you as I see, you are engaged in a suit?

COUNT.—Would to heaven I were.

CHIC.—I will spend my last cent at it!

COUNT.—I.

CHIC.—Two bundles of hay, five or six thousand francs!

COUNT.—All my suits were about to be finished. There were only five or six little ones left, one against my husband, another against my father and against my children. Ah, sir! misery! I don't know what underhanded means they have thought up, nor all they have done but they have secured a decree whereby being clothed and fed, I am prevented, sir, from suing all my life.

CHIC.—From suing?

COUNT.—From suing.

CHIC.—Surely it is an atrocious action. I am surprised at it.

COUNT.—Sir, I am in despair.

CHIC.—What, bind the hands of such as you! But is this alimony large, madam?

COUNT.—I could live on it quite comfortably, sir, but a life without lawsuits, is that contentment?

CHIC.—Shall pettifoggers eat the life out of us, and we not say a word? But, if you please, madam, how long have you been litigating?

COUNT.—I don't remember. Thirty years at the most.

CHIC.—That isn't too long.

COUNT.—Alas!

CHIC.—And how old are you? You have a fine appearance.

COUNT.—Oh, some sixty years.

CHIC.—Well, that is the fine age for litigation.

COUNT.—Let them go on, they have not seen the end of it yet, I will sell the clothes off my back first. I want nothing or all.

CHIC.—Madame, hear me. This is what must be done.



COUNT.—Yes, sir; I will believe you as I would my own father.

CHIC.—I would go to my judge . . . .

COUNT.—Oh, yes, sir, I will.

CHIC.—Cast myself at his feet . . . .

COUNT.—Yes, I will cast myself there; I have resolved upon it.

CHIC.—But be so kind as to hear me.

COUNT.—Yes, you take the case in its true light.

CHIC.—Are you through, madame?

COUNT.—Yes.

CHIC.—I would go informally to see my judge . . . .

COUNT.—Oh how good the gentleman is!

CHIC.—If you talk all the time I shall have to keep still.

COUNT.—Ah, how you oblige me! I am so thankful.

CHIC.—I would go and find my judge and say to him . . . .

COUNT.—Yes.

CHIC.—There! And say to him: Sir . . . .

COUNT.—Yes, sir.

CHIC.—Bind me . . . .

COUNT.—Sir, I don't want to be bound.

CHIC.—There, now!

COUNT.—I won't be.

CHIC.—What a disposition you have!

COUNT.—No.

CHIC.—You do not understand, madam, what I am driving at,

COUNT.—I will go to law, or I will know the reason why.

CHIC.—But . . . .

COUNT.—But I don't wish, sir, to be bound . . . .

CHIC.—Now, when a woman gets a foolish notion.

COUNT.—Fool yourself.

CHIC.—Madam!

COUNT.—Why bind me?

CHIC.—Madam . . . .

COUNT.—See, he is getting familiar.

CHIC.—But, madam —

COUNT.—A dirty fellow, who has only his trickery, wishes to give advice.

CHIC.—Madam!

COUNT.—With his donkey.

CHIC.—You exasperate me.

COUNT.—Good fellow, go take care of your hay.

CHIC.—You drive me to extremities.

COUNT.—The blockhead.

CHIC.—Oh, for some witnesses!

SCENE VIII.—*Petit Jean, The Countess, Chicaneau.*

P. J.—Here is a fine row they are making at our door, Gentlemen, go farther off to bluster in that way.

CHIC.—Sir, be witness . . .

COUNT.—That this fellow is a fool.

CHIC.—Sir, you hear her, remember that word.

P. J., (*to the Countess*).—Ah, that word should not have escaped you.

COUNT.—Truly, he is a fine person to call me a mad woman.

P. J. (*to Chic.*)—Mad! You are wrong. Why abuse her?

CHIC.—I am advising her?

P. J.—Oh!

COUNT.—Yes, to have myself bound.

P. J.—Oh, sir.

CHIC.—Why doesn't she hear me through?

P. J.—Oh, madam!

COUNT.—Who? I! to let him quarrel with me?

CHIC.—A scold!

P. J.—Hey, hush!

COUNT.—A pettifogger!

P. J.—Ho there!

CHIC.—Who dares no longer to go to law!

COUNT.—What is that to you? What do you gain by that, abominable forger, meddler, thief?

CHIC.—Good, good, in the name of the devil! A sheriff! a sheriff!

COUNT.—A bailiff! a bailiff!

J. P., (*alone*).—'Pon my word, judge and sultors, they all ought to be bound.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Leandre, L'Intimé.*

L'INT.—Once more, sir, I can't do everything; since I play the bailiff, do you play the magistrate. You need only follow my steps in robe, you will have every opportunity to speak with her. Change your blonde wig for a black one. Do these litigants even know that you are alive? eh? when they come to pay their respects to your father, hardly are you aware that it is daylight. But do you not admire that fine countess whom fortune sends me so luckily? who, as soon as she saw me, putting her foot in the

Map, charged me with a writ for Mr. Chicaneau, to bring him before the court for certain words, saying that he tried to make her out a mad person, mad enough to be bound, I say, and for other excesses and railings, always the ornaments of law-suits. But you say nothing of all my get-up. Have I the bearing and appearance of a sheriff's officer?

LEA.—Ah! excellent!

L'INT.—I don't know, but really my heart and my shoulders feel six times tougher than this morning. However that may be, here is the writ and your letter. Isabelle will have it, I can promise you. But to get him to sign the contract I have here, you must come here after me. You will pretend to inquire into the whole affair, and you will make love in the father's presence.

LEA.—But don't go and give the writ for the note.

L'INT.—The father shall have the writ, the daughter the love-letter. Go!

(*L'Intimé knocks at Isabelle's door.*)

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SCENE II.—*Isabelle. L'Intimé.*

ISA.—Who knocks?

L'INT.—A friend. (*Aside.*) It is the voice of Isabelle.

ISA.—Do you wish to see some one, sir?

L'INT.—Mademoiselle, it is a little writ, and I take the liberty to ask you to grant me the honor of serving it on you.

ISA.—Sir, excuse me, I do not understand. My father, who can understand you, will be here presently.

L'INT.—He is not here, then, mademoiselle?

ISA.—No.

L'INT.—The writ, mademoiselle, is in your name.

ISA.—Sir, evidently you take me for another. Without having any law-suits, I know what they cost, and if no one liked to litigate more than I, the like of you might look for other employment. Adieu.

L'INT.—But, permit . . .

ISA.—I will permit nothing.

L'INT.—It is not a writ.

ISA.—Nonsense!

L'INT.—It is a letter.

ISA.—Still less.

L'INT.—But, read.

ISA.—You can not deceive me.

L'INT.—It is from Mr. . . .

ISA.—Adieu.

L'INT.—Leandre.

ISA.—Speak low. It is from Mr. . . . ?

L'INT.—The dickens! What a trouble one has to make himself heard. I am all out of breath.

ISA. Oh, L'Intimé, pardon my astonishment. Give it.

L'INT.—You would have shut the door in my face.

ISA.—Who would have recognized you, disguised like that? But give.

L'INT.—Is your door open to respectable people?

ISA.—Eh! Give it to me.

L'INT.—Indeed!

ISA.—Oh! don't give it, then. Return with your note.

L'INT.—There. Don't be so hasty next time.

SCENE III.—*Chicaneau, Isabelle, L'Intime.*

CHIC.—Yes? I am a fool, then,—a thief, according to her? A sheriff is sent to give her my compliments. I will give her a taste of what I can do. I should be very sorry if I should have to do it again, or if she should bring me to court first.—But here is a man speaking to my daughter. What! she is reading a letter? It is from some lover. Let's approach.

ISA.—Seriously, is your master sincere? Shall I believe him?

L'INT.—He sleeps no more than your father. He is distracted. He will—(seeing *Chicaneau*)—show you to-day that nothing gained by suing him.

ISA. (seeing *Chicaneau*).—It is my father! (To *L'Intimé*.) Truly you can inform them that if they prosecute us we shall be able to defend ourselves. (Tearing the letter to pieces.) There, that's all we care for your writ.

CHIC.—What! It is a writ my daughter was reading? Ah, some day you will be an honor to the family. You will take care of your property. Come, my daughter, my own flesh and blood! There, I will buy you *Praticien François*. But, the dickens! you must not tear writs to pieces.

ISA. (to *L'Intimé*).—At least tell them that I fear them very little. They will please me. I defy them to do their worst.

CHIC.—Eh, don't get angry.

ISA. (to *L'Int.*).—Adieu, sir.

SCENE IV.—*Chicaneau, L'Intimé.*

L'INT. (getting into position to write).—Now then, let's draw up a formal statement.

CHIC.—Sir, please excuse her; she doesn't understand. And then, with your leave, here are the pieces, which I will put together.

L'INT.—No.

CHIC.—I can read it.

L'INT.—I am not malicious. I have a copy here.

CHIC.—Ah! that is touching. But, I don't know why, the more I look at you, the less, sir, I remember your face. I know a great many bailiffs.

L'INT.—Inquire about me. I attend to my little business very well.

CHIC.—Granted. For whom do you come?

L'INT.—For an honest lady, sir, who honors you, and with all her soul wishes that you would come at my summons, and give her a word of satisfaction.

CHIC.—Satisfaction? I have injured no one.

L'INT.—I believe you, sir; you are too good-hearted.

CHIC.—What do you want, then?

L'INT.—She would like, sir, that, before witnesses, you would do her the honor of acknowledging her as wise and not at all foolish.

CHIC.—Zounds! it is my countess!

L'INT.—She is your servant.

CHIC.—I am her very obedient.

L'INT.—You are kind, sir.

CHIC.—Yes, you can assure her that a sheriff shall take to her, for me, all she asks. What then? On my word, those who are beaten shall pay the costs. Let's see what she says. Hem!—"Sixth of January. For having falsely said that it was necessary to bind, being influenced to this by chicanery, the noble and powerful Lady Yolande Cudasne, Countess of Pimbesche, Orbesche, *et cetera*; it is ordered that he shall immediately betake himself to the dwelling of said lady, and there, in a clear voice, before four witnesses, assisted by a notary, [On my word!] the said Hiérôme shall openly proclaim that he considers her rational and of good judgment. \* \* \* *Le Bon*." That is, then, the name of your lordship?

L'INT.—At your service. (*Aside.*) I must braze it out.

CHIC.—*Le Bon*! No writ was ever signed *Le Bon*. Mr. *Le Bon* —

L'INT.—Sir.

CHIC.—You are a rascal.

L'INT.—Sir, pardon me, I am a very respectable man.

CHIC.—The most consummate rascal from Caen to Rome.

L'INT.—Sir, I am not the one to contradict you. You will be kind enough to pay me well for this.

CHIC.—I, pay you? In blows.

L'INT.—You are too good. You shall pay me well for it.

CHIC.—Oh, you tire me. Here take your pay. (*Slaps his face.*)

L'INT.—A slap! Let us write: "The said Hiérôme, after many outrages on the law, has struck and beaten me, a sheriff, on the cheek, and made my hat fall into the dirt with the blow."

CHIC. (*giving him a kick*).—Add that.

L'INT.—Good, that is ready money; I was in sore need of it. "And not content with this, reiterated with his foot." Proceed! "Besides, the aforesaid came in anger to tear up the said present written statement." Come, my dear sir, that isn't bad. Don't give up.

CHIC.—Knave!

L'INT.—If you please, a few blows with a stick and I shall be comfortably off.

CHIC. (*taking a stick*).—All right. I will see if he is really a sheriff.

L'INT. (*in position to write*).—Quick, then, strike! I have four children to support.

CAIC.—Ah, pardon, sir. I would never take you for a sheriff, but the cleverest man may sometimes be mistaken. I will make proper reparation for this insulting suspicion. Yes, you are a sheriff, and very much so. Your hand. People of your profession are those whom I respect. I was brought up by my late father in the fear of God, sir, and of sheriffs.

L'INT.—No, you can't beat people on such easy terms.

CHIC.—Sir, no prosecution!

L'INT.—Your servant. Contempt, raised cudgel, blow, kick. Ah!

CHIC.—Rather give them back to me. Please.

L'INT.—It is enough that they are received. I would not part with them for a thousand pounds.

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SCENE V.—*Leandre* (in magistrate's robes), *Chicaneau*,  
*L'Intimé*.

L'INT.—Here comes, very opportunely, the magistrate. Sir, your presence is necessary here. Such as you see me, the gentleman here present has just made me a little present of a very heavy buffet.

LEA.—To you, sir?

L'INT.—To me *in propria persona*. Item, a kick, and besides names he calls me.

LEA.—Have you witnesses?

L'INT.—Sir, just feel. The cheek is still hot from the blow.

LEA.—Taken in the very act; an indictable offense.

CHIC.—Woe is me!

L'INT.—Further, his daughter,—at least calling herself such,—has torn in pieces a paper of mine, protesting that we give her pleasure, and that with satisfaction she defied us.

LEA. (*to L'Intimé*).—Bring the girl here. The spirit of rebellion is in this family.

CHIC.—I must be bewitched. May I be strangled if I know a single one of them.

LEA.—What! beat a bailiff! But here is the rebel.

---

SCENE VI.—*Léandre, Isabelle, Chicaneau, L'Intimé.*

L'INT.—Do you recognize him?

LEA.—Well, mademoiselle, it is you, then, who just now defied an officer, and who so haughtily dares to brave us? Your name?

ISA.—Isabelle.

LEA.—Write. And your age?

ISA.—Eighteen years.

CHIC.—She is a little older than that, but no matter.

LEA.—Have you a husband?

ISA.—No, sir.

LEA.—You laugh? Write that she laughed.

CHIC.—Sir, do not talk of husbands to girls; those, you see, are family secrets.

LEA.—Put it down that he interrupts.

CHIC.—Oh! I had no such intention. Be very careful, daughter, of what you say.

LEA.—There, don't be afraid. Answer at your ease. We don't intend to displease you in any way. Did you not just now receive from this bailiff a certain paper?

ISA.—Yes, sir.

CHIC.—That is good.

LEA.—Did you tear up that paper without reading it?

ISA.—Sir, I read it.

CHIC.—Good.

LEA. (*to L'Intime*).—Keep on writing. (*To Isabelle.*) And why have you torn it up?

ISA.—I was afraid my father would take the affair too much at heart, and that he would become angry at reading it.

CHIC.—And you shun law-suits? That is pure naughtiness.

LEA.—Then you have not torn it up out of anger or out of contempt for those who wrote it to you?

ISA.—Sir, I have neither contempt nor anger for them.

LEA. (*to L'Intimé*).—Write.

CHIC.—I tell you she takes after her father. She answers excellently.

LEA.—However, you show an evident contempt for all legal gentlemen.

ISA.—A robe has always offended my sight, but at present this aversion is growing less.

CHIC.—Poor child! There, there, I will get you a good husband as soon as I can, if it doesn't cost me anything.

LEA.—You are willing, then, to satisfy the law?

ISA.—Sir, I would do anything not to displease you.

L'INT.—Sir, sign.

LEA.—When called upon, you will at least sustain your depositions?

ISA.—Sir, be assured that Isabelle is faithful to her promise.

LEA.—Sign. That works well. Justice is satisfied. There, Will you not sign, sir?

CHIC.—Oh yes, gladly. I will sign blindly to all she has said.

LEA. (*low to Isabelle*).—All is well. Success attends all my desires. He signs a contract written in due form, and will be condemned soon over his own signature.

CHIC. (*aside*).—What does he say to her? He is charmed with her wit.

LEA.—Adieu. Be always as wise as beautiful, all will go well. Bailiff, lead her home. You, sir, march.

CHIC.—Where, sir?

LEA.—Follow me.

CHIC.—Where then?

LEA.—You will find out. March, in the King's name.

CHIC.—What?

SCENE VII.—*Leandre, Chicaneau, Petit-Jean.*

P. J.—Ho! Has any one seen my master? Which way did he go, by the door or the window?

LEA.—The deuce take him!

P. J.—I don't know what has become of his son, and as to the



father he is where the devil has put him. He kept asking me for his spices [fees] and I very honestly ran into the pantry to get the pepper-box. He during this time has disappeared.

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SCENE VIII.—*Dandin* [at a dormer-window], *Leandre*, *Chicaneau*, *L'Intimé*, *Petit-Jean*.

DAN.—Hush! hush! Silence, there.

LEA.—Eh! Great heavens!

P. J.—There he is, 'pon my word, on the leads.

DAN.—Who are you? What is your business? Who are these legal gentlemen? Are you lawyers? Come, speak.

P. J.—You see he is going to judge the cats.

DAN.—Have you taken care to see my secretary? Go and ask him if I know your business.

LEA.—I must go and get him away from this place. Bailiff, keep your eyes on your prisoner.

P. J.—Oh, ho, sir!

LEA.—Silence, as you value your eyes, and follow me.

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SCENE IX.—*The Countess*, *Dandin*, *Chicaneau*, *L'Intimé*.

DAN.—Quick, present your petition.

CHIC.—Sir, without your consent, they have made me prisoner.

COUNT.—Eh, good heavens! I see the gentleman in his garret. What is he doing there?

L'INT.—Madame, he is holding court. The field is open for you.

CHIC.—They have done violence to me. They have abused me, and I come here to make complaint before you.

COUNT.—Sir, I also come to make complaint.

CHIC. AND COUNT.—You see my adversary before you.

L'INT.—Now, I want to have a finger in the pie too.

COUNT., CHIC., AND L'INT.—Sir, I come here for a little writ.

CHIC.—Eh, sirs, let us present our claims in turn.

COUNT.—His claim! All he says is only so much imposture.

DAN.—What has been done to you?

COUNT., CHIC., AND L'INT.—I have been insulted.

L'INT. [*continuing*].—Besides, sir, I have received a blow in addition.

CHIC.—Sir, I am the cousin of one of your nephews.

COUNT.—Sir, Father Cordon will present my cause.

L'INT.—Sir, I am the nephew of your apothecary.

DAN.—Your rank?

COUNT.—I am a countess.

L'INT.—Bailliff.

CHIC.—Bourgeois. Gentlemen . . . .

DAN. [*retiring from the window.*].—Continue. I can hear all three of you.

CHIC.—Sir . . . .

L'INT.—Good! He is giving us the slip.

COUNT.—Alas!

CHIC.—What! Court adjourned already? I haven't had time to say two words to him.

SCENE X.—*Leandre* [without the robe], *Chicaneau*, *the Countess*, *L'Intimé*.

LEA.—Gentlemen, will you have the kindness to leave us in quiet?

CHIC.—Sir, can I enter?

LEA.—No, sir, or I will die for it.

CHIC.—Eh, why? I will not take more than an hour; two hours, at most.

LEA.—You can't go in, sir.

COUNT.—That is right, to shut the door to this brawler. But I...

LEA.—You cannot enter, madam, I swear to you.

COUNT.—Oh, sir, I will.

LEA.—Perhaps.

COUNT.—I am sure of it.

LEA.—By the window, then?

COUNT.—By the door.

LEA.—We shall see.

CHIC.—Even if I have to stay here until evening.

SCENE XI.—*Leandre*, *Chicaneau*, *The Countess*, *L'Intimé*, and *Petit-Jean*.

P. J. [*to Leandre*].—He shan't be heard, no matter how he tries. Faith! I lodged him in the basement room near the cellar.

LEA.—Once for all, my father is not to be seen.

CHIC.—Well, then! Yet I must see him on this matter. [*Dandin appears at the cellar window.*] But what do I see? Ah! it is he whom heaven sends us.

LEA.—What! at the cellar window?

P. J.—There is no holding him. He is possessed!

CHIC.—Sir . . . .

DAN.—The impertinent! But for him I would have been out

CHIC.—Sir . . . .

DAN.—Go away. You are a fool.

CHIC.—Sir, will you have the goodness . . . .

DAN.—You worry me.

CHIC.—Sir, I have ordered . . . .

DAN.—Keep still. I tell you.

CHIC.—To be carried to your house . . . .

DAN.—Take him to prison.

CHIC.—A certain cask of wine.

DAN.—I have no use for it.

CHIC.—It is very good muscat.

DAN.—State your case again.

LEA. [*to L'Intimé*].—We must surround them here on all sides.

COUNT.—Sir, he will tell you nothing but lies.

CHIC.—Sir, I tell you the truth.

DAN.—Good heavens, let her speak!

COUNT.—Sir, listen to me.

DAN.—Let me breathe.

CHIC.—Sir . . . .

DAN.—You choke me.

COUNT.—Turn your eyes on me.

DAN.—She chokes me . . . . Ay! ay!

CHIC.—You are dragging me! Take care, I am falling. [*They disappear through the cellar window.*]

P. J.—Upon my soul, they are both in the cellar.

LEA.—Quick, run! Go to their help. But at least, since Mr. Chicaneau is in there, I don't mean to let him out to-day. L'Intimé, see to it.

L'INT.—Watch the window.

LEA.—Go quick: I will!

#### SCENE XII.—*Leandre and The Countess.*

COUNT.—Wretch! He has gone to prejudice his mind. (*At the window.*) Sir, don't believe anything he tells you. He has no witnesses; he is a liar.

LEA.—Madam, what are you telling them? They may be giving up the ghost.

COUNT.—He will make him believe, sir, what he likes. Allow me to enter.

LEA.—Oh, no! no one can enter.

COUNT.—I see well, sir, the muscat has as much influence on the son as on the father. Just wait. I am going to protest strongly against the judge and against the wine-cask.

LEA.—Go, then; stop worrying us. What fools! I never was in such company.

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SCENE XIII.—*Dandin, Leandre, L'Intimé.*

L'INT.—Sir, where are you going? You are exposing yourself. You limp badly.

DAN.—I want to go and judge.

LEA.—What, father! Come, let us care for your wounds. Quick, a doctor.

DAN.—Let him come to court.

LEA.—Hey, father! Stop . . . .

DAN.—Oh! I see how it is. You expect to do what you like with me. You have neither respect nor love for me. I can't pronounce a single sentence. Finish. Take this sack; take it quick.

LEA.—Hey, gently, father. We must find some compromise. If without judging life is insupportable to you, if you are called to give justice you need not go from home for that. Exercise your talents and judge among us.

DAN.—Let us not speak lightly of the judiciary. Do you know I do not wish to be a judge in appearance.

LEA.—On the contrary, you shall be a judge without appeal, a judge in civil and criminal cases. You can hold two sessions every day. At home everything will be a subject for sentence. If a servant fails to make a glass clean, fine him; or if he breaks it, sentence him to the lash.

DAN.—That is something. I can understand when good reasons are given. Who will pay my fees? No one?

LEA.—Their wages will be your security.

DAN.—It seems to me he speaks quite to the point.

LEA.—Against one of your neighbors . . . .

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SCENE XIV.—*Dandin, Leandre, L'Intimé, and Petit-Jean.*

P. J.—Stop! Stop! Catch him!

LEA.—Ah! it is my prisoner, doubtless, who is escaping!

L'INT.—No, no, do not be afraid.

P. J.—All is lost . . . Citron—your dog—has just eaten a chicken down there. Nothing is safe from him. He carries off whatever he finds.

LEA.—Good, here is a case for father. Help! Hurry after him. Run, all of you.

DAN.—No noise; softly. A summons without prejudice is sufficient.

LEA.—Come, father, we must make a severe example. Severely judge this domestic robber.

DAN.—But at least I would like to do it with éclat. We must have a lawyer on each side. We haven't a single one.

LEA.—Well, we must make some. Here is your porter and your secretary; you will make excellent lawyers of them, I think. They are exceedingly ignorant.

L'INT.—No, sir, not at all. I will put his honor to sleep as well as any one.

P. J.—As for me, I don't know anything. Don't expect anything from me.

LEA.—It is your first case, and we will arrange it all.

P. J.—But I don't know how to read.

LEA.—Oh, we will prompt you.

DAN.—Come, let us get ready. Now, gentlemen, no trickery. Close your eyes to bribes, and your ears to intrigue. You, sir Petit-Jean, be the plaintiff; and you, sir L'Intimé, be the defendant.

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### ACT III.

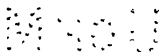
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#### SCENE I.—*Leandre, Chicaneau, The Prompter.*

CHIC.—Yes, sir; it is thus they have carried on the business. The bailiff is unknown to me, as well as the magistrate. Every word I say is true.

LEA.—Yes, I believe all that; but if you take my advice, you will leave them alone. In vain you pretend to prosecute them both, you will disturb their quiet much less than your own. Three-fourths of your property are already spent in filling bags heaped upon one another, and in a pursuit to your own disadvantage . . . .

CHIC.—Truly you give me good advice, and before long I will profit by it, but I beg you at least to intercede for me. Since Mr. Dandin is going to hold court, I will have my daughter come at once. You can examine her, she is truthful, and she can reply even better than I.



LEA.—Go and return, you shall have justice.

PROMP.—What a man!

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SCENE II.—*Leandre, The Prompter.*

LEA.—I make use of a strange stratagem, but my father is liable to become frantic, and we must deceive him with an imaginary case. Besides, I have a plan, and I hope he will condemn this madman who will go to law on the slightest provocation. But here are all our people coming.

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SCENE III.—*Dandin, Leandre, L'Intimé, and Petit-Jean, in robe ; The Prompter.*

DAN.—Well, what are you?

LEA.—These are the lawyers.

DAN. (*to the Prompter*).—You?

PROMP.—I come to aid their troubled memory.

DAN.—I understand you. And you?

LEA.—I? I am the audience.

DAN.—Commence then.

PROMP. (*loud*).—Gentlemen . . .

P. J.—Oh! speak lower. If you prompt so loud, no one will hear me. Gentlemen . . .

DAN.—Put on your hat.

P. J.—Oh! gent . . .

DAN.—Put on your hat, I tell you.

P. J.—Oh sir, I know what politeness requires of me.

DAN.—Don't put it on then.

P. J. (*putting it on*).—Gentlemen, . . . (*to Prompter*) Don't be in a hurry. What I know best is the beginning. Gentlemen, when I regard with exactitude the inconstancy of the world and its vicissitudes; when I see among so many different men not a fixed star, and so many wandering suns; when I see the Cæsars, when I see their fortune; when I see the sun and when I see the moon; when I see the empire of the . . .

PROMP.—Babylonians.

P. J.—Babybonians transferred from the . . .

PROMP.—Persians.

P. J.—Serpents to the . . .

PROMP.—Macedonians.

P. J.—Masons of Amlens; when I see the . . .

PROMP.—Romans.

P. J.—Lorrans from a . . . .

PROMP.—Despotic.

P. J.—depotic state, pass to the . . . .

PROMP.—democratic

P. J.—democrit and then to the monarchic, when I see Japan  
. . . .

L'INT.—When will he have done seeing?

P. J.—Oh, why did that fellow interrupt me? I won't say anything more.

DAN.—Troublesome lawyer, why didn't you let him finish his period? I was in the greatest anxiety to see whether he would come from Japan to the case of his capon, and you interrupt him with an irrelevant speech! Continue, lawyer.

P. J.—I have forgotten my speech.

LEA.—Finish, Petit-Jean, it was finely begun. But what are your arms doing there, hanging by your side? There you are on your legs stiff as a statue. Shake yourself up! Come, put a little life into it.

P. J. (*throwing his arms around*).—When . . . . I see . . . When  
. . . . I see . . . .

LEA.—Come, tell us what you see.

P. J.—Oh, the deuce! You can't hunt two hares at once.

PROMP.—We read . . . .

P. J.—We read . . . .

PROMP.—In the . . . .

P. J.—In the . . . .

PROMP.—Metamorphosis . . . .

P. J.—What?

PROMP.—That the metem. . . . .

P. J.—That the metem. . . . .

PROMP.—psycosis

P. J.—psychosis

PROMP.—Oh, the brute!

P. J.—Oh, the brute. . . .

PROMP.—Again?

P. J.—Again . . . .

PROMP.—The dog!

P. J.—The dog . . . .

PROMP.—The block-head!

P. J.—The block-head . . . .

PROMP.—Confound the lawyer!

P. J.—Confound yourself! See the fellow with his woe-begone face. Go to the devil.

DAN.—And you, come to the point, to the point!

P. J.—Oh, what's the use of beating about the bush? They make me say words a rod long, big words which would reach from here to Pontoise! As for me, I can't make such ado in order to say a dog has just stolen a capon. The fact is there is nothing your dog does not take; that he has eaten a good capon of Maine down there; that the first time I catch him at it, his case is clear, and I will kill him.

LEA.—Fine conclusion and worthy of the exordium.

P. J.—Easily understood, anyway. Just try, and you'll see.

DAN.—Call the witnesses.

LEA.—It is well said if he could. Witnesses are very dear and can't be had by everyone.

P. J.—We have some, however, who are above reproach.

DAN.—Have them come then.

P. J.—I have them in my pocket. There, there is the head and the feet of the capon. Look at them and judge.

L'INT.—I object to them.

DAN.—Well, why object.

L'INT.—Sir, they are from Maine.

DAN.—It is true they come from Mans by the dozen.

L'INT.—Gentlemen . . . .

DAN.—Will you be long, lawyer, tell me.

L'INT.—I can't say.

DAN.—He is honest.

L'INT.—(*In a tone ending in falsetto*).—Gentlemen, all that could frighten a guilty person, all that is most dreadful to mortals, seems to be gathered against us by chance, I mean intrigue and eloquence. For, on the one hand, the reputation of the dead awes me, and on the other, the distinguished eloquence of Master Petit-Jean dazzles me.

DAN.—Attorney, soften the shrillness of your tone.

L'INT.—(*In an ordinary tone*). Very well, I have several. (*In a lofty style*). But whatever mistrust we must have for the aforesaid eloquence and the aforesaid reputation, nevertheless, gentlemen, the anchor of your kindnesses reassures us. Besides, before the great Dandin Innocence is bold; yes, before this Cato of Lower Normandy, this sun of equity which never grows dim, *Victrix c'iusa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni*.

DAN.—Truly, he pleads well.

L'INT.—Without fear, then, I answer, and I come to my cause. Aristotle *primo, peri Politicon*, says very justly . . . .



DAN.—Attorney, it is a question of a capon and not of Aristotle and his "Politics."

L'INT.—Yes, but the authority of the Peripatetic would prove that good and evil . . . .

DAN.—I claim that Aristotle has no authority here. To the point.

L'INT.—Pausanias, in his *Corinthiacs* . . . .

DAN.—To the point.

L'INT.—Rebuff . . . .

DAN.—To the point, I tell you.

L'INT.—The famous Jacques . . . .

DAN.—To the point, to the point, to the point!

L'INT.—Harmeno Pul *in Prompt* . . . .

DAN.—Oh, I'll sentence you.

L'INT.—Oh, you are so quick! This is the case (*rapidly*): A dog comes into a kitchen. He finds there a capon which looks appetizing. Now the one in whose behalf I speak is hungry; the one against whom I speak *autem* plucked, and he for whom I speak silly takes away him against whom I speak. A warrant is issued. They seize him. Attorneys called for and against. Day fixed. I am to speak, I speak, I have spoken.

DAN.—Ta, ta, ta, ta. That's a pretty way of stating a case. He talks very deliberately about what is not needed, and drives at a gallop when he comes to the real point at issue.

L'INT.—But the first, sir, is the beautiful.

DAN.—It's the ugly. Did any one ever plead in such a way? But what does the audience say about it?

LEA.—It is very fashionable.

L'INT. (*vehemently*).—What happens, gentlemen? They come. How do they come? They pursue my client. They break open a house. What house? The house of our own judge! They break into the cellar which serves as our refuge. They denounce us for theft, for robbery! They drag us, they deliver us over to our accusers, to master Petit-Jean, gentlemen. I call you to witness, who does not know that the law *Si quis canis*—see Digest, *de vi*, paragraph, *Caponibus*, gentlemen—evidently provides against this abuse? And even supposing it were true that Citron my client had eaten the whole, gentlemen, or even a part of the said capon, let what we have done before this action be put in the balance against it. When has my client been reprimanded? By whom has your house been guarded? When have we failed to bark at thieves? Witness the three attorneys whose robes the same Citron has torn in pieces. You shall see the pieces of them.

Do you wish any other proofs?

P. J.—Master Adam . . . .

L'INT.—Leave us alone.

P. J.—L'Intimé . . . .

L'INT.—Leave us alone.

P. J.—Is getting hoarse.

L'INT.—Eh, let us alone, (*coughing*.) Hem, hem!

DAN.—Compose yourself and conclude.

L'INT. (*in a heavy tone*).—Since, then, we are allowed to take breath, and since we are forbidden, to extend, our remarks, I will proceed, without omitting anything, and without prevaricating, exhaustively to enunciate, to explain, to expose to your eyes, the universal idea of my cause, and of the facts, included, in the same.

DAN.—He could have said the whole thing twenty times, quicker than abridge it once. Man, or whatever you are, devil, conclude, or may Heaven confound you.

L'INT.—I finish.

DAN.—Ah.

L'INT.—Before the beginning of the world . . . .

DAN. (*yawning*).—Attorney, ah! let's skip to the deluge.

L'INT.—Before the beginning of the world, then, and its creation, the world, the universe, everything, entire nature, was buried in the depths of matter. The elements, fire, air, earth, and water, buried, heaped together, formed only a pile, a confusion, a shapeless mass, a disorder, a chaos, an enormous bulk. *Unus erat toto naturæ vultus in orbe, quem Græci dixere chaos, rudis indigestaque moles.*

[*Dandin, asleep, falls from his chair.*]

LEA.—What a fall! Father!

P. J.—Oh, sir! How he sleeps.

LEA.—Father, wake up.

P. J.—Sir, are you dead?

LEA.—Father!

DAN.—Well, well! What? What is it? Ah, ah, what a man! Sure I never had such a good nap before.

LEA.—Father, you must pass sentence.

DAN.—To the galleys.

LEA.—A dog to the galleys?

DAN.—Upon my word! I don't understand anything more. My head is confused with the world and chaos. Oh, finish.

L'INT. (*presenting some puppies to him*).—Come, desolate family; come, poor infants, whom they would make orphans; come

and speak your infantine feelings. Yes, sirs, here you see our misery. We are orphans. Give us back our father, our father by whom we were begotten, our father who . . . .

DAN.—Take 'em away. Take 'em away.

L'INT.—Our father, gentlemen . . . .

DAN.—Take 'em away now. What an uproar! They have dirtied everything.

L'INT.—Your honor, behold our tears.

DAN.—Wah! already I feel compassionate. What a thing it is to move the feelings at the right time. I am much embarrassed. Truth presses upon me; crime is evident; he himself acknowledges it. But if he is condemned the perplexity is the same. Here are a lot of babes sentenced to the hospital. [*Enter Chicaneau and Isabelle.*] But I am busy; I will see no one.

SCENE IV.—*Dandin, Leandre, Chicaneau, Isabelle, Petit Jean, L'Intimé.*

CHIC.—Sir . . . .

DAN. (*to Petit-Jean and L'Intimé*).—Yes, for you alone I hold court. (*To Chicaneau.*) Good-bye;—but, if you please, who is that child?

CHIC.—It is my daughter, sir.

DAN.—Hey! quick, call her back.

ISA.—You are busy.

DAN.—I! I have nothing to do. (*To Chicaneau.*) Why didn't you tell me you were her father?

CHIC.—Sir . . . .

DAN.—She understands your case better than you. Say, how pretty she is, and what sweet eyes! That is not all, my child; we must be virtuous. I am very happy to see this youth. Do you know, I was once a gay young man? They used to talk about us.

ISA.—Ah, sir, I believe you.

DAN.—Tell us: who would you rather should lose this case?

ISA.—No one.

DAN.—I will do anything for you. Speak, now.

ISA.—I am exceedingly obliged to you.

DAN.—Have you never seen people put to torture?

ISA.—No, and I never shall, I think, in all my life.

DAN.—Come, I will satisfy your wish, if you like.

ISA.—Oh, sir, how can one see some unfortunate suffer?

DAN.—Well, it helps to while away an hour or two.

CHIC.—Sir, I come here to tell you . . . .

LEA.—Father, I will tell you the whole affair in a few words. It is about a marriage. You must know first, it depends on you alone, and everything is agreed on. The lady wishes it; her lover longs for it. What the daughter wishes, the father desires. It is for you to judge.

DAN. (*sitting down*).—Marry at once. To-morrow, if you wish it; to-day, if necessary.

LEA.—Come, mademoiselle, here is your father-in-law. Salute him.

CHIC.—What?

DAN.—What, then, is this mystery?

LEA.—What you have said is being literally carried out.

DAN.—Since I have decided, I will not reverse my decision.

CHIC.—But one does not give his daughter in marriage without her consent.

LEA.—Doubtless, and I will leave that to the charming Isabelle.

CHIC.—Are you dumb? Come, it is for you to speak. Speak.

ISA.—I do not dare appeal, father.

CHIC.—But I appeal.

LEA. (*showing him a paper*).—See this writing. You don't appeal from your own signature?

CHIC.—What do you mean?

DAN.—It is a contract drawn in good form.

CHIC.—I see I have been taken by surprise; but I'll have satisfaction. This shall be the source of more than twenty law-suits. He has the daughter; very well. He will not have the money.

LEA.—Eh, sir! who told you we asked anything of you? Leave us your daughter and keep your money.

CHIC.—Ah!

LEA.—Father, are you satisfied with the session?

DAN.—Indeed. Let suits come in abundance, and I will pass the rest of my days with you. But let the lawyers hereafter be more brief. And our criminal?

LEA.—Let us talk only of joy. Pardon! Pardon him, father.

DAN.—Well, let him be discharged. It is for your sake, my daughter, that I do it. Come and rest up for other law-suits.

FINIS.

